



68 PAGES OF TWISTED TALES OF TERROR!

# NIGHTMARE

TM  
APRIL  
1971

50c



**WHEN  
THE  
DAWN  
GODS  
WAR!**

PLUS MANY MORE  
EXCITING STORIES IN  
THIS ALL-ORIGINAL  
TOP TALENT ISSUE!

Boris -70

# BOYS! MEN!



HERE ARE THE KING OF TESTIMONIALS YOU WILL WANT TO WRITE AFTER YOU MASTER OYNAFLEX:

"I tried two other muscle toning systems before I tried Oynaflex. It really works and how! I have the strength and muscle tone I always wanted. I can't praise Oynaflex enough."

"I never thought you can really tone my muscles and make them so strong, without long periods of exercise, or weight lifting. . . Oynaflex has truly amazed me."

"Every summer it seemed to be the same old story—I don't like to admit this but I was pretty much a nerd, and maybe even a fatty and everybody at the beach could tell at a glance. . . But now with Mike Marvel's New Oynaflex Method that tones RIG MUSCLES INTO POWERHOUSES OF ACTION, I feel like a PANTHER ON THE PROWL. I've got plenty of GLADIATOR POWER in my Shoulder, Biceps, Arms, Legs and Torso. . . and I feel every inch the OYNAMIC OF ACTION PACKED POWER IN EVERY MUSCLE IN MY BODY."

**MY SECRET NEW DYNAFLEX METHOD CAN GIVE YOU POWERFULLY TONED MUSCLES AND PUT FULL STRENGTH IN YOUR MUSCLES . . . MAKE THEM SO STRONG YOU WILL BE PROUD TO SHOW YOUR FRIENDS HOW FULL OF STRENGTH YOU ARE! IN JUST TEN MINUTES A DAY—WITH ABSOLUTELY NO WEIGHTS, NO BAR BELLS, NO FORMAL LONG EXERCISES AT ALL!! (MAKES GLADIATOR MUSCLES TO A GLADIATOR JOB)**

"Yes if the girls laugh at you now when you try doing anything that requires strength—toned up muscles—they will be amazed, astonished, with the strength and strong men things you will be able to do after you master the OYNAFLEX METHOD! You will be so proud of the feats of strength you will be able to do, of the increased power in every one of your muscles" says Mike Marvel, Master of tanning and putting strength into muscles!

Pe—do yourself a favor . . . Try your muscles and see if they are as strong as you would like them to be. . . Can you lift as much as you really should be able to? Are you ashamed of your muscle strength? Believe it or not, I can increase your muscle tone . . . to display your new found RIG MUSCLE STRENGTH enough to make you proud so you will have with delight at how strong you have become, at how easily you perform things that require muscle tone—strength—endurance—that you never thought you had in you!

## HOW OYNAFLEX TONES MUSCLES AND INCREASES THE STRENGTH OF YOUR MUSCLES

Oynaflex is the Modern Method—element a muscle way of toning your muscles. . . It takes no tedious formal exercises—no long periods of exercise. . . Oynaflex is the amazing discovery of a West German Doctor . . . whose research into the science of Strength found a shuffling new way to tone muscles. . . build strength into your muscles. . . In ten minutes a day with Oynaflex you "TLE" each muscle once, in a certain way that is more effective than if you exercised the muscle 20-30 or even 100 times the old fashioned way!

## STRONG MAN SEX APPEAL

Acquire male-be-man appeal, display feats of strength at swimming, so typical of men with real strength—you will be proud to show what you can do at the beach, in the gym, in sports you enjoy. . . The following will show at your display of strength with any and jealousy, when they see all the girls crowd around

to watch how strong you have become, how you toned your muscles and filled them full of strength, and if the boys want to know how you did it tell them about the miracle secrets of Oynaflex (Complete instructions in one book only \$1.95) included free a chapter on: "SECRETS OF ATTRACTING GIRLS."

## MAIL NO-RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

Mike Marvel, SEPT. 20 18 East 41st Street, New York, N.Y. 10017 rm 1501

D.K. Mike Marvel, enclosed is my \$1.95. Send me your entire Oynaflex System in one book which includes a chapter on "SECRETS OF ATTRACTING GIRLS." I must agree that the Oynaflex method has given me powerfully toned muscles, and full strength in my muscles, made me so strong that I can be proud to show my friends how strong I am.

And it must do this in 10 minutes a day—with nothing else to buy—now or in the future, or I get my \$1.95 back—with no questions asked upon return of the book.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

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WHEN DAWN GODS WAR PG 28



BEWARE EVILS PG 36



THE WARLOCK PG 48

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INNER MAN PG 4



ROTTEN DEAL PG 36



VAULT OF A VAMPIRE PG 20



THE VICTIMS PG 14

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DR. WROCLAW, IS THE PRISONER, VARGA AWARE OF THE DANGER INVOLVED IN THIS OPERATION?

THE ELEMENT OF RISK HAS BEEN MADE CLEAR TO HIM, MILNER.



PULSE UP SLIGHTLY ON THE GALVINATOR!

YOU MAKE THIS DUMB LOUT OUT TO BE A HERO, MILNER? WHAT OF MEN LIKE OURSELVES? NO, YOU CANNOT COMPARE THE TRUE HERODES OF SCIENCE TO A BRAWLING SAVAGE LIKE VARGA!



HE IS OF NO MORE CONCERN TO ME THAN THE PREVIOUS TEST ANIMALS!

SUCH RISKS MUST BE ASSUMED IF SCIENCE IS TO ADVANCE! AND, AFTER ALL, WHAT CAN IT MATTER TO A CONVICTED MURDERER LIKE VARGA!



VOLTAGE CONSTANT, INCREASE XP RAY!

BY CONSENTING THE EXPERIMENT HE HAS THE OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE HIS OTHERWISE STUPID AND USELESS BRITISH LIFE FINALLY MEAN SOMETHING!

CAN YOU FEEL NO KINSHIP WITH HIM AS A MAN? NO SYMPATHY?



NONE! BEGIN THE EXPERIMENT!

SWITCH ON TAPED CONTROL!

AND IF WE FAIL?



THEN HE DIES A FEW HOURS EARLIER THAN THE LAW DECREES IT MATTERS LITTLE!

HEART STEADY... BLOOD PRESSURE OKAY...

I CANNOT HELP BUT THINK THAT WITHOUT MEN LIKE POOR VARGA HERE OUR THEORIES MIGHT REMAIN NOTHING MORE THAN EMPTY WHISPERS IN THE IVORY TOWER OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.



MAIN LINE AMPERAGE CONSTANT...

TAPE ON!



INCREASE XP RAY TO ONE HUNDRED!

ELECTRONMICROSCOPE SHOWS DEFINITE MOLECULAR SHIFT! ATOMIC STRUCTURE IS SHRINKING!

IT'S WORKING!

INCREASE RAY TO ONE THOUSAND!



HE MUST BE IN TERRIBLE PAIN!

INCREASE RAY TO MAXIMUM!







MY GOD!  
WROCLAW, IT'S  
WORKING!

NO! NOT GOD'S  
DOING BUT MINE!

I MAY HAVE SAVED  
THIS OVERCROWDED  
WORLD FROM  
EXTINCTION!

CAREFUL,  
DOCTOR. HE'S VERY  
CONFUSED AND  
FRIGHTENED!

HE'S FALLING  
OFF THE TABLE!

CATCH HIM,  
MILNER! WE'VE  
GOT TO GET HIM  
BACK UNDER THE  
XP RAY!

HE CAN'T GET  
OUT OF THE  
ROOM DOCTOR.  
WE'LL FIND  
HIM!

YOU FOOL! THE SHRINK-  
ING PROCESS IS STILL  
GOING ON! SOON  
HE'LL BE TOO SMALL  
TO SEE WITHOUT  
THE AID OF A  
MICROSCOPE!

DAMN HIM!  
IF HE GETS  
AWAY I'LL  
NEVER BE ABLE  
TO PROVE MY  
THEORY!

A HECTIC HOUR LATER:



HE'S LOST TO US FOREVER, DOCTOR, I'D BETTER SEE THE WARDEN... THINK UP SOME STORY THE STATE AUTHORITIES WILL BUY!



GO TO IT, MILNER. AND REMEMBER, SHOULD THERE BE AN INVESTIGATION, YOU'RE AS GUILTY AS I!



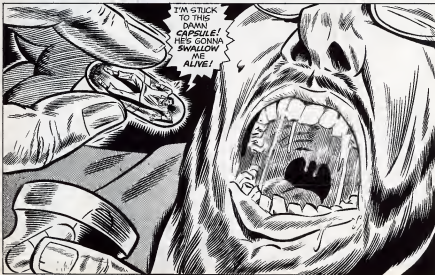
NERVES SHOT... BETTER TAKE A TRANQUILIZER!



HMM. CAP'S LOOSE.



THERE... CAN'T LET THIS GET ME DOWN. MUST GO ON TO OTHER EXPERIMENTS!



...INSIDE  
WROOLAW'S  
BODY...  
GASPI!  
SALIVA'S  
BURNING!  
CHOKE!&

THERE!

I'M  
UNSTUCK  
FROM  
THE  
CAPSULE!

CAN'T  
STOP  
MYSELF...

BEING  
WASHED  
DOWN  
TO  
THE  
STOMACH!

BETTER BE ON MY WAY, ELIZABETH CARRYS  
ON GO WHEN I'M LATE FOR DINNER!

MILNER WILL SMOOTH THINGS  
OUT WITH THE AUTHORITIES  
HE ALWAYS DOES!

G'NIGHT,  
DOC.

GODNIGHT,  
FISK...

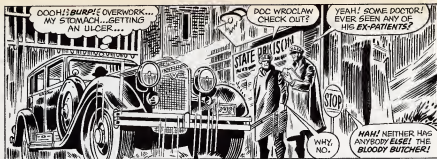
BURP!  
INDIGESTION  
ON TOP OF EVERY  
THING ELSE!

GASPI!  
GOD THING I  
CAUGHT THIS  
NERVE!

THAT  
BOILING  
STOMACH  
ACID  
DISSOLVES  
FLESH  
ON  
CONTACT!

GOTTA  
GET OUTTA  
HERE!

UUMPH! OOH!  
OH LORD I CERTAINLY  
DON'T LOOK FORWARD  
TO DINNER!  
BURP!&





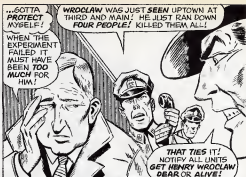
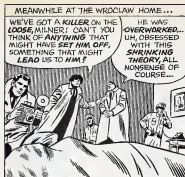






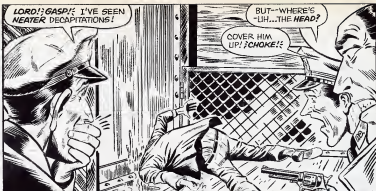
WROOOM SCREEEEEEEE

DON'T THINK ABOUT THEM, DOC! REMEMBER YOU'RE RUNNING FOR YOUR LIFE!





LORD!! GASP!! I'VE SEEN  
NEATER DECAPITATIONS!



DRIVEN COMPLETELY  
INSANE IN THE LAST  
FLEETING MOMENTS  
OF LIFE, HENRY  
WROCLAW'S SEETHING  
BRAIN SUMMONED  
ITS LAST LINE OF  
DEFENSE, THE  
UNSPEAKABLE  
HORRORS OF THE  
SUBCONSCIOUS  
MIND!

I'M ALL  
RIGHT!  
THE  
FALL  
NEVER  
HURT  
ME!  
I'LL  
GET  
OUT  
OF...

OH  
OH  
MY  
GOD!



AND WHO KNOWS HOW LONG THAT SUBCONSCIOUS, ONCE AROUSED  
CAN LIVE. VARGA KNOWS!

THE END



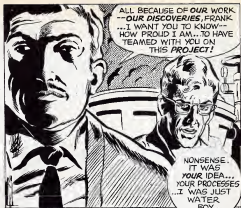
"CAN YOU IMAGINE, FRANK? AN ARMY OF INDESTRUCTIBLE, UNSTOPPABLE CLONES!..."

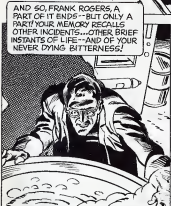
# THE VICTIMS!

"...LUMBERING, BRUTISH CREATURES WITHOUT MINDS, ALL ALIKE, ALL WITH THE SAME TERRIBLE POWER... ALL WITH ONE DESIRE..."

"...TO KILL!"

"CAN YOU IMAGINE, FRANK? AND ALL BECAUSE OF US—OUR TEAM! TOGETHER, WE'VE MADE THE VERY THOUGHT OF WAR IMPOSSIBLE! NO ONE WILL EVER DARE ATTACK A COUNTRY AGAIN..."







...A BIT OF SKIN FROM A SUBJECT, AND UNDER THE RIGHT TREATMENT, THAT SKIN WILL GROW INTO AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF THE ORIGINAL ORGANISM!

FRANK, ISN'T THAT JUST FASCINATING?

YOU AGREED TO TAD'S OFFER OF PARTNERSHIP IN THE EXPERIMENT. YOU KNEW IT WAS ONLY AN EXCUSE FOR HIM TO SEE MORE OF SUE.

BUT...

FRANK!  
FRANK!  
IT'S WORKING!

THE CLONE'S COMING ALIVE!

TERRIBLY, DARLING.



THE STRAIN--  
TOO MUCH FOR IT!

WHY ALL  
THE GLUM  
FACES?

YOU TWO LOOK  
LIKE CUSTOMERS  
AT A MORGUE.

HELLO,  
SUE!

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE  
OFF FOR A FEW DAYS?  
GET SOME REST.  
HAVE FUN.

IT CERTAINLY  
SEEMS LIKE A  
GOOD IDEA. WHAT  
DO YOU THINK,  
FRANK?

I'LL STAY HERE. THERE ARE  
SOME MORE TESTS I HAVE  
TO RUN THROUGH.

ALL RIGHT, FRANK.  
IF YOU WANT IT  
THAT WAY...

WE'VE  
FAILED.  
FRANK...

JUST  
ANOTHER  
BAD DAY,  
SUSAN. WE  
SEEM TO BE  
HAVING QUITE  
A FEW

YOU  
TWO GO  
AHEAD!

I  
WANT  
IT THAT  
WAY!

THAT'S RIGHT.  
GO AHEAD.

YOU TWO GO  
**RIGHT AHEAD.**

THERE ARE  
THINGS I HAVE  
TO THINK OUT,  
TAD. PLANS I  
HAVE TO  
MAKE!

AND YOU MADE THOSE  
PLANS, FRANK. YOU CAME  
TO YOUR DECISION.

THE MEMORIES  
FADE NOW; THERE'S  
THE SOUND OF A  
FOOTSTEP AT THE  
DOOR...

FRANK?  
TAD?

ARE  
YOU  
THERE?

IT'S EVE,  
RETURNING. YOU TAKE  
UP YOUR PLACE, WAIT...

AND STRIKE!

WITCH!

YOU CAN'T CONTROL YOURSELF! YOU STRIKE AGAIN AND AGAIN,  
PULPING HER UPTURNED FACE STRIKING AND STRIKING...UNTIL THE  
BAR IN YOUR HAND IS STICKY WITH **BLOOD...**

VIXEN!

VIXEN!

DIE!!

THE FAME  
WASN'T  
ENOUGH...  
...HAD  
TO HAVE  
MY FIANCE  
AS WELL!

NOW...  
GONE! BOTH  
OF THEM!



GONE?

NOT  
QUITE,  
FRANK...

N-NO!



POOR,  
POOR, FRANK  
YOU NEVER HAD  
THE IMAGINATION  
TO UNDERSTAND  
JUST HOW  
UTTERLY STUPID  
YOU ARE!

CAN'T...  
BE...

WHY  
NOT? WE  
SAW RIGHT  
THROUGH YOUR  
FOOLISH  
ATTITUDE!

THE WORLD IS SPINNING  
ABOUT YOU, THE ROOM ROCK-  
ING UNDER YOUR FEET, YOU  
HEAR TAD'S WORDS... AND  
YOU HEAR ANOTHER  
SOUND...



YOU HEAR IT... A SOUND LIKE THAT OF A  
BOIL BREAKING, A SICKLY, NAUSEOUS  
SOUND OF SOMETHING MASSIVE SLIDING  
OUT OF FLUID...

IT WAS A  
SIMPLE MATTER  
TO MAKE CLONES  
FOR THE TWO OF  
US--AND LET YOU  
DO THE REST!

THEY CAN'T REALLY  
BE KILLED, YOU  
KNOW, ESPECIALLY  
NOT THE WAY YOU  
TRIED TO DESTROY  
THEM...



SSSLLGGGSHHH!



MY  
GOD.

MY  
GOD!

...YOU ONLY  
MADE THEM  
MAD!

FOR A MOMENT, THERE IS  
BLINDING BRILLIANCE, A  
TERRIBLE SCREAMING PAIN...  
AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT...  
THERE IS ONLY **DEATH!**

MAN--OFTEN DESCRIBED AS HAVING BEEN BORN OF TWO FATHERS! THE FATHER KNOWN AS NATURE, THE UNIVERSE, LIFE AND...LOVE! AND THE FATHER KNOWN AS HORROR, NIGHT, BLACKNESS AND DEATH!

THE VAMPIRE...GAUNT AND EMACIATED IN HIS THIRSTING FOR HUMAN BLOOD, AND TREACHEROUS IN HIS TECHNIQUES OF TRAPPING HIS VICTIMS...IS OF THAT FATHER OF UNEARTHLY ORIGIN! AND SO IT BE A FITTING MEMORY THIS TALE... THAT THE GROTESQUE CREATURE-BAT DIE A MERCILESS DEATH IN...

THE TIME: ANCIENT ROME...126 B.C. UNDER THE RULE OF GAULS SEMPRONIUS GRACCHUS.

THE SETTING: THE GREAT ARENA... STADIUM OF MANY TRIALS OF COMBAT AND HONOR...NOW HOSTING THE ANNUAL CHARIOT RACE OF THE TRIBUNE'S FINEST HORSEMEN.

# Vault of a Vampire

NIGHT HAS JUST FALLEN LIKE A SHROUD OVER THE THRONGS OF SENATORS, TRIBUNES AND PEASANTS ALIKE, EACH MAN...IN EAGER AND EVER WATCHFUL EYE TO THE OUTCOME OF THE GREAT RACE...LIGHTS A FLAMING TORCH TO THROW VIOLENT SHADOWS ON THE PERSPIRING FACES OF THE PERFORMERS AS THEY DRIVE THEIR FEVERED HORSES AND BATTLE THEIR WAY AROUND THE CHURCH...



...DRIVING THEIR STEEDS AT A FRANTIC PACE AROUND A BEND! THE CROWDS SUDDENLY FALL QUIET AND A HUSH PERVADES THE ARENA AS A MAN LEAPS FROM THE HIGH WALL OF THE STADIUM AND LANDS WITH CRUSHING WEIGHT ON THE BACK OF THE LEAD RACER!

WITH MERCILESS AND UNREASONING STRENGTH THE ATTACKER BATTLES THE CHARIOTEER, KNOCKING FROM HIS GRASP THE REIGNS AND FORCING HIM TO HIS KNEES...

ARE YOU INSANE?...  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?..

AND THEN SLOWLY...IT IS MADE CLEAR TO THOUSANDS GATHERED IN THE STANDS JUST WHAT IT REALLY IS THE ATTACKER IS AFTER...**BLOOD**, WARM, RICH, FLOWING BLOOD FROM THE JUGULAR VEIN OF HIS VICTIM...FOR THE CROWD REALIZES ONLY TOO LATE THAT THEY ARE WITNESSING BEFORE THEIR VERY EYES A HIDEOUS ACT OF VAMPIRISM! THEY ARE POWERLESS TO ACT, FROZEN AT THE BIZARRE SPECTACLE UNFOLDING BEFORE THEM...THAT OF THE VILE **CREATURE-BAT** OF LONG LOST LEGEND SINKING HIS LONG GLEAMING FANGS AND SUCKING DRY THE LIFE-GIVING BLOOD OF AN INNOCENT MAN...POWERLESS TO ACT...FOR EACH MAN IS STRICKEN WITH THE SHUDDERING FEAR OF UTTER DIS-BELIEF!





HE ESCAPES...TO ARMS  
MEN...HE **MUST NOT**  
**ESCAPE!**



LOOK...THROUGH THE  
**ARCH...SHADOWS**  
**FLICKERING BY OUR**  
**TORCHES!**

SLING A SHOT  
AT HIM DAMON...  
IN THE HOPE OF  
STRIKING HIM  
IN FLIGHT!

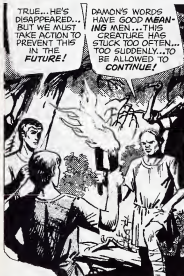


**MISSED...THE**  
**CREATURE ESCAPES**  
**INTO THE BLACKNESS**  
**OF NIGHT LIKE...**  
**A DEMON!**

**AYE...BUT STILL...**  
**LET US SEARCH IN THE**  
**HOLLOW YONDER...LEST**  
**HE SILENTLY HIDES**  
**BEHIND SOME**  
**DECEITFUL ROCK!**



WE'LL NOT FIND  
HIM THERE...  
**TONIGHT...THE**  
**MANY TREES**  
**WOULD HIDE**  
**HIM WELL!**



TRUE...HE'S  
DISAPPEARED...  
BUT WE MUST  
TAKE ACTION TO  
PREVENT THIS  
IN THE  
**FUTURE!**

DAMON'S WORDS  
HAVE GOOD **MEAN-**  
**ING MEN...THIS**  
**CREATURE HAS**  
**STUCK TOO OFTEN...**  
**TOO SUDDENLY...TO**  
**BE ALLOWED TO**  
**CONTINUE!**



**AYE...THIS IS NOT THE FIRST TIME HE HAS STRUCK...**  
**LAST MONTH IT WAS GENERAL PROCCHIUS...THE LAST**  
**WEEK STUNNED HUNDREDS BY ATTACKING A YOUNG**  
**WOMAN IN THE TRIBUNE'S OWN HANGING GARDENS!**  
**WHERE WILL IT BE NEXT...THE SENATE ITSELF?**

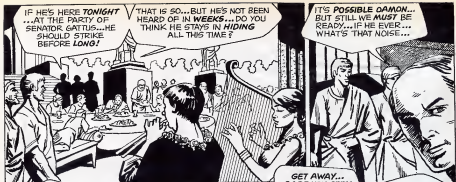


THAT **FIEND** IS  
LIKELY TO SHOW  
UP **ANYWHERE!**  
BUT USUALLY, YOU  
MIGHT NOTICE...  
HE LIKES  
**CROWDS...**

TRUE MARCUS...  
HE MUST BE A  
THRILL SEEKER...  
OUT FOR MORE THAN  
BLOOD ONLY...BUT  
FOR **PERVERSE**  
PLEASURE IN SEE-  
ING **MISERY** IN  
THE FACES OF  
ONLOOKERS!

THEN WE MUST  
BE **READY...**WE  
MUST ATTEND EVERY  
SOCIAL FUNCTION  
WITHIN THE NEXT  
FEW **WEEKS...**AND  
WHEN THE MONSTER  
ATTACKS...WE'LL  
HAVE HIM!





IF HE'S HERE TONIGHT  
...AT THE PARTY OF  
SENATOR GATUS...HE  
SHOULD STRIKE  
BEFORE LONG!

THAT IS SO...BUT HE'S NOT BEEN  
HEARD OF IN WEEKS...DO YOU  
THINK HE STAYS IN HIDING  
ALL THIS TIME?

IT'S POSSIBLE DAMON...  
BUT STILL WE MUST BE  
READY...IF HE EVER...  
WHAT'S THAT NOISE...

GET AWAY...  
DARE YOU SEEK  
SUCH A BEAUTY  
AS YOUR  
VICTIM?

GET HIS HEAD...  
PULL AT HIS  
HEAD...HE'S AS  
STRONG AS  
AN OX!

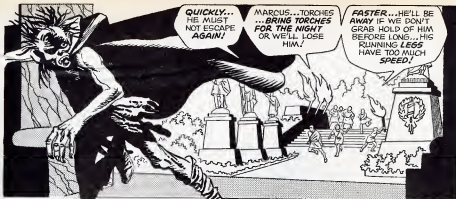


AGAIN THE VAMPIRE STRIKES... AGAIN HIS TEETH DIG DEEP  
INTO THE NECK OF A HELPLESS VICTIM-- THIS TIME, A YOUNG  
AND BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO HAPPENED TO CROSS HIS PATH--  
AND SO ONCE AGAIN AN INNOCENT FALLS BEFORE THE TITANIC  
DEBAUCHERY OF THE CREATURE OF EVIL..



AWE...HE  
FIGHTS LIKE  
A MADMAN  
BUT...

UGGHHH!



QUICKLY...  
HE MUST  
NOT ESCAPE  
AGAIN!

MARCUS...TORCHES  
...BRING TORCHES  
FOR THE NIGHT  
OR WE'LL LOSE  
HIM!

FASTER...HE'LL BE  
AWAY IF WE DON'T  
GRAB HOLD OF HIM  
BEFORE LONG...HIS  
RUNNING LESS  
HAVE TOO MUCH  
SPEED!

AGAIN HE MAKES WAY INTO THE NIGHT...FOR  
THERE IN THE DARKNESS AND MANY RUINS OF  
AN EMPIRE WILL HE FIND ESCAPE...PERHAPS  
...IF ONLY HIS PURSUERS WERE NOT TOO  
DETERMINED ON HIS CAPTURE!

AND YET IT SEEMS THAT  
THIS NIGHT THE FIEND  
HAS BEEN CARELESS...  
HIS CRYPT--THE TOMB  
OF HIS ETERNAL REST  
IS CLOSE AT HAND TO  
THE SCENE OF HIS UGLY  
CRIME...AND BEING CHASED  
HE HAS THOUGHTLESSLY  
RETURNED TO HIS VAULT  
WITHOUT THINKING...WITH-  
OUT REALIZING HE HAS  
LED HIS PURSUERS TO  
HIS VERY FRONT DOOR...



LOOK...OVER  
THERE...IN THE  
FLEETING SHADOWS  
...IS THAT NOT  
HIM DESCENDING  
INTO A VAULT?

IT MUST BE HIS!  
THE FOOL...DOES  
HE NOT REALIZE  
HE HAS LED US TO  
HIS VERY GRAVE?

FOOL IS RIGHT  
...FOR BEFORE  
LONG IT WILL  
BE HIS GRAVE  
FOREVER!

AYE...HE HAS INDEED TRAPPED  
HIMSELF. FOR ALTHOUGH HE MUST  
HAVE THE DOOR BOLTED ON THE IN-  
SIDE...WE HAVE IT GUARDED  
FROM THE OUTSIDE!

HE'LL NOT GET OUT  
WITHOUT OUR KNOWING  
...AND WHEN HE DOES  
WE'LL BE ARMED...

MARCUS...RUN FOR  
SILVER TIPPED  
KNIVES AND SWORDS  
...AND BRING FOOD,  
TOO...WE'LL NOT  
LEAVE THIS CRYPT  
UNTIL HE HAS  
EMERGED.

THAT SHOULD NOT BE  
LONG...HE'LL HAVE NO  
FOOD IN THERE...AND  
SURELY HE CANNOT  
SURVIVE LONG WITHOUT  
IT...NOR WITHOUT HIS  
THIRST FOR BLOOD!

IXXY AND LOM  
TUM...GIVE  
TOTUM. XXV

AND SO STARTS A VIGIL FOR THE THREE AVENGERS OF SOCIETY...WAITING... WATCHING...FOR A TERROR STRICKEN BLOOD FIEND TO GIVE IN...TO ADMIT DEFEAT AND TAKE HIS CHANCES OUTSIDE! TO OPEN THE DOOR THAT BARS OUT HATE AND REVENGE FOR HE AND HIS KIND--OR...TO SUFFER A FATE PERHAPS WORSE THAN THAT OF A VIOLENT DEATH...THAT OF SLOW... PAINFUL...AGONIZING...STARVATION WITHIN!

HE MUST BE DEAD!

AYE--IT'S BEEN OVER TWO WEEKS...NO MAN, NO MAN CAN LIVE WITHOUT SUSTAINANCE FOR THIS LENGTH OF TIME...

WE'LL HAVE IT IN A FEW MOMENTS...

IT'S WELL BARRED FROM THE OTHER SIDE...AND THE WOOD IS THICK AND HEAVY...

BY THE ANCIENT GODS...

OH...IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY...WHAT HAS HAPPENED...WHAT HAS HE DONE?

WE'D BEST BREAK IN... IF HE'S NOT DEAD HE'LL BE VERY WEAK... IT WON'T BE MUCH OF A FIGHT!

HE'S STILL STRONG...BE READY...BE ON GUARD WITH YOUR SWORDS...

OH GODS... WHAT VILE MOCKERY OF A MAN IS THIS... THIS... THING BEFORE US?

WE CANNOT VIEW THE WRETCHED THING IN THIS UTTER DARKNESS!

BRING FORTH MORE LIGHT SO THAT WE CAN SEEK OUT THIS MENACE THAT AFFLICTS US!

VILE  
CREATURE...  
WHAT MANNER  
OF BEAST CAN  
YOU BE?

DIE GLADLY  
WE RELEASE YOU  
FROM YOUR SEMI-  
HUMAN VESTMENTS  
OF LIFE...

HIDEOUS...IS IT POSSIBLE...  
CAN IT REALLY BE THAT MY  
EYES DO NOT DECEIVE ME...  
CAN IT ACTUALLY BE THAT  
THIS...THIS BLOOD DEMON  
HAS STAYED ALIVE BY...  
DEVOURING HIS OWN  
BODY...HIS OWN  
HUMAN FLESH!

HHHHH!!  
AAAAA!!!  
AND SO DEATH COMES  
QUICKLY...PERHAPS FAR  
TOO QUICKLY FOR HE WHO  
HAS LIVED A LIFE OF  
TERROR AND OUTRAGEOUS  
ATROCITY...THE VAMPIRE...  
GAUNT AND EMACIATED IN  
HIS THIRSTING FOR HUMAN  
BLOOD...IS OF THAT FATHER  
ON UNHEAVENLY ORIGIN...  
AND SO IT BE IN FITTING  
MEMORY THIS TALE...THAT  
THE GROTESQUE CANNIBAL  
DIE AN UNENVIABLE DEATH  
IN...VAULT OF A VAMPIRE!

SERG  
MOREN

STONE SPEAR IN HAND, KROOG THE HUNTER PAUSES IN AWE-STROCK TERROR ATOP A STONEY RIDGE-- WIDE EYES STUDYING A SIGHT HE HAS NEVER BEFORE SEEN! A MASSIVE METAL BIRD COMES SAILING DOWN FROM THE SKY-- BELCHING FIRE AND SMOKE AND EMITTING A NOISE LIKE THUNDER! IS IT ANY WONDER KROOG STANDS PARALYSED?

GREAT BIRD  
FLY WITH SOUND  
OF THUNDER!

COME TO EAT  
KROOG, MAYBE!

# WHEN THE DAWN GODS WAR!

GREAT  
BIRD  
FALLS!

I KILL!  
FEED  
MANY  
PEOPLE!

HE CASTS OFF HIS FRIGHT  
AND LEAPS FORWARD, BLOOD  
BUBBLING TO THE SURGE OF  
THAT WILL TO LIVE THAT HAS  
KEPT HIM AND HIS TRIBE  
ALIVE IN A PRIMITIVE  
WORLD...

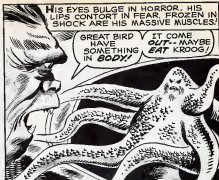


**THEN**--UTTER HORROR SEIZES UPON THE CAVEMAN HUNTER AS...



HU! GREAT BIRD OPEN MOUTH TO SWALLOW KROOG!

NO LET BIRD DO KRUG RUN!



HIS EYES BULGE IN HORROR. HIS LIPS CONTORT IN FEAR. FROZEN IN SHOCK ARE HIS MASSIVE MUSCLES!

GREAT BIRD HAVE SOMETHING IN BODY!

IT COME OUT-- MAYBE EAT KROOG!

FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE STARSHIP COMES A **SOME-THING** SO UNREAL TO KROOG, SO INCREDIBLY **AWFUL** THAT HE CANNOT MOVE!...



WHAT IS?

WHAT THAT THING?

WHAT IT DO TO KROOG?



NO KILL KROOG!

KROOG SORRY! NOT MEAN AIM SPEAR AT GREAT ONE!

HIS KNEES SHAKE. HIS MUSCLES TURN TO WATER! HE DROPS GROUNDWARD...

RUBBERY TECTACLES SLIP A METAL BAND ABOUT KROOG'S HEAD. INSTEAD OF THE DEATH HE FEARS, UNDERSTANDING BURSTS INSIDE HIM...



CAN YOU UNDERSTAND ME, KROOG?

HU! KROOG HEAR VOICE INSIDE HEAD!

GREAT BEING SPEAK KROOG!

WE **THROPOLI** ARE AT WAR WITH CREATURES MUCH LIKE **YOURSELF** KROOG, ONE OF THEM HAS **FLED** HERE TO YOUR LITTLE **PLANET** TO AVOID BEING **CAPTURED!** WE WANT YOU TO FIND HIM-- BRING HIM TO US FOR **KILLING!**



KROOG  
DO!  
KROOG  
FINE  
HUNTER.

KROOG  
FIND MAN  
YOU WANT,  
THEN DO  
WHAT YOU  
ASK!

WHEN YOU DO  
THIS, YOU  
SHALL BE  
GIVEN MANY  
GIFTS. KEEP  
THE METAL  
BAND-- TO  
HELP YOU  
FIND  
THIS MAN!

ELATED BY HIS NEW  
IMPORTANCE, KROOG RUNS  
ACROSS THE ROLLING  
PLATEAUS OF HIS DAWN  
WORLD!..

KROOG  
MIGHTY  
MAN.  
FRIEND TO  
GREAT  
BEINGS

MAYBE  
TRIBE  
MAKE  
KROOG  
CHIEF  
NOW!

OUT OF THE  
FORESTS  
RIMMING  
THAT GRASSY  
SEA BURSTS  
A FEARSOME  
DINOSAUR...  
THE GROUND  
BENEATH HIS  
FEET SHAKES  
TO THE TREAD  
OF THOSE  
GALLOPING  
PAWS--

BRAAUN

HU!

KROOG  
DIE FOR  
SURE--  
NOW!

THE METAL TELEPATHIC  
BAND ABOUT HIS HEAD  
ENABLES THE CAVEMAN  
HUNTER TO UNDERSTAND  
THE INSANE FURY THAT  
DRIVES THE SCALED  
MONSTER LIKE A THING  
POSSESSED...

KROOG  
DIE LIKE  
MAN--  
NOT  
RUN!

ME KNOW ITS  
THOUGHTS!  
IT-- HUNGRY!

IT WANT TO  
EAT KROOG  
UP IN ONE  
SWALLOW!

VAST JAWS  
GAPE WIDE...



HIDDEN IN THE DEEPS OF THE NEARBY FOREST STANDS A STRANGER TO THIS PLANET-- WITH A SMOKING RAYGUN IN A HAND...

THE CAVEMAN HAS MET THE THROPOLI TO JUDGE BY THE TELEPATHY BAND ABOUT HIS HEAD.

AND THE THROPOLI HAVE ENLISTED HIM TO-- FIND ME! WELL, I HAVE A GAME OF MY OWN TO PLAY!



SHAKING HIS HEAD IN DISBELIEF AT WHAT HAS HAPPENED, KROOG RETURNS TO THE COOKING FIRES OF HIS TRIBE...



AS HE EATS A SLAB OF CRUELY COOKED BISON STEAKS, THE CAVEMAN RELATES THE ODD EVENTS OF HIS UNUSUAL DAY...

SCALED MONSTER TURN INTO SMOKE! KROOG NOT KNOW WHY!

WHAT A GOOD GIFT MAKE ORNAMENT FOR ME!



NO! WEAR BAND ON HEAD. HELP KNOW THOUGHTS!

NOT ORNAMENT!



KROOG RIGHT! I HEAR DREAM-THOUGHTS OF DOG WHO CHASE DEER WHILE HE SLEEPS!

TOMORROW I GO FIND ENEMY OF CREATURE WHO SAVE BAND TO KROOG.

NOW I GO SLEEP. KROOG TIRED!



EARLY NEXT MORNING, EVEN BEFORE THE MISTS LEAVE THE GROUND, THE DAWN AGE HUNTSMAN IS TROTTLING ALONG A WOODLAND GAME TRAIL...

KROOG!

I AM THE GOD BEING OF THIS PLANET!

HU! KROOG NOT KNOW GOD BEING LIVE HERE!



HIS HEART BEATS FASTER AS THE KROOG STUDIES THE FAMILIAR FOREST EVEN AS HE LISTENS TO THAT UNFAMILIAR VOICE...

I MADE THE SCALEY MONSTER TURN INTO SMOKE YESTERDAY TO SAVE YOUR LIFE. YOU MUST OBEY ME.

I AM ALL POWERFUL KROOG!

YOU SAVE MY LIFE!

YOU BE MY GOD-BEING.



THEN THIS IS WHAT YOU MUST DO...

KROOG HEAR. KROOG DO!



OBEDIENT TO THAT VOICE, THE HUNTER OF THE DAWN WORLD SEARCHES AMONG THE FOREST GLADES UNTIL...



FROM TREETOP TO TREETOP FLASHES A JAGGED BLADE OF LIGHTNING!



A CLAP OF THUNDER DEAFENS THE HUNSMAN!



NEXT INSTANT HIS VERY SOUL IS STUNNED TO TERRIFIED DESPAIR AS...



FROM THE SKIES COMES A  
DRENCHING RAIN, PUTTING  
OUT THAT FIRE...



KROOG  
AFRAID  
OF GOD-  
BEING!

DO  
WHAT  
GOD-  
BEING  
SAYS!

SCALEY  
MONSTER  
MAY COME  
GET  
KROOG!

I SHALL  
PROTECT  
YOU.

GO IN  
PEACE,  
KROOG-- BUT  
DO NOT  
MENTION ME  
TO THE  
CREATURES  
FROM THE  
METAL  
BIRD!



WITH THE SPOTTED LEAVES IN HAND, THE  
CAVEMAN HUNTER RETURNS TO HIS  
COOKING FIRES WHERE...



YOU GRIND UP--  
MAKE JUICE.

DO NOT  
DRINK JUICE  
--OR JUICE  
KILL!

GOD-BEING  
TELL KROOG  
ALL THIS.

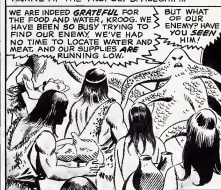
FOR HOURS ATHALLA WORKS. WHEN SHE IS DONE...



PUT POISON  
JUICE IN  
FOOD.

THEN WHOLE TRIBE  
TAKE GOD TO  
THROPOLI ONES!

WHEN KROOG AND HIS FELLOW TRIBESMEN  
ARRIVE AT THE TROPOLI SPACESHIP...



WE ARE INDEED GRATEFUL FOR  
THE FOOD AND WATER, KROOG. WE  
HAVE BEEN SO BUSY TRYING TO  
FIND OUR ENEMY WE'VE HAD  
NO TIME TO LOCATE WATER AND  
MEAT, AND OUR SUPPLIES ARE  
RUNNING LOW.

BUT WHAT  
OF OUR  
ENEMY? HAVE  
YOU SEEN  
HIM?

FOR A MOMENT,  
FEAR AND DREAD  
WAR INSIDE THE  
CAVEMAN HUNTER.  
HE TRIES TO  
SPEAK THE TRUTH  
AND LET THESE  
GOD-BEING DECIDE  
AMONG THEM-  
SELVES THESE  
MATTERS WHICH  
KROOG DOES NOT  
UNDERSTAND...

KROOG NOT SEE  
MAN, KROOG SEE  
NOBODY-- NOT  
EVEN GOD!



POOR IGNORANT SAVAGE! I  
SUPPOSE HE SEE "GOD" IN EVERY  
BOLT OF LIGHTNING, IN EVERY  
PEAL OF THUNDER, BEHIND  
EVERY BUSH, IN EACH  
STREAM OF WATER!



THE FOOD AND WATER STORED ABOARD THE STARSHIP, IT TAKES OFF...



OUR ENEMY MUST HAVE CRASHED WHEN HE LANDED. EVEN IF HE DIDN'T-- HE CAN'T DO US ANY HARM.

BESIDES, HE'LL BE MARoonED ON THAT TINY PLANET FOREVER.

OTHER EYES WATCH THAT HEAVENS-BOUND FLIGHT...



THAT SHIP WON'T GET FAR. THE THROPOLI WILL EAT THE POISONED FOOD AND DRINK THE POISONED WATER, THEN--

--THE CONINE DERIVED FROM THE SPOTTED HEMLOCK LEAVES I GAVE KROOG WILL--

--KILL THEM IN A MATTER OF MINUTES!

WITHOUT THE THROPOLI TO CONTROL ITS FLIGHT-- THEIR STARSHIP WILL BE ATTRACTED BY THE SUN'S GRAVITY--

-- AND PLUNGE INTO IT!

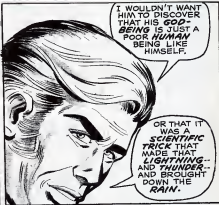
NOW I'D BETTER TAKE MY ELECTRIC GENERATORS OUT OF THESE TREES--

--OR KROOG MAY SEE THEM.



I WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO DISCOVER THAT HIS GOD-BEING IS JUST A POOR HUMAN BEING LIKE HIMSELF.

OR THAT IT WAS A SCIENTIFIC TRICK THAT MADE THAT LIGHTNING-- AND THUNDER-- AND BROUGHT DOWN THE RAIN.



I'LL LET HIM GO ON THINKING I'M GOD.

UNTIL MY PEOPLE FIND ME-- IF THEY EVER DO.

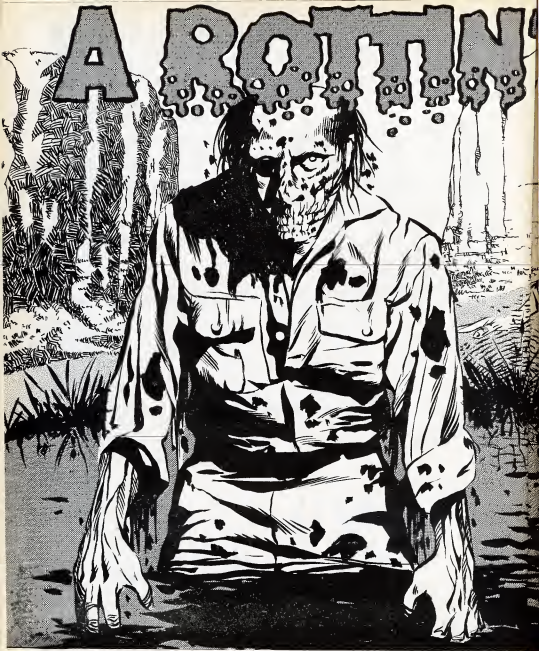
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I THINK I'LL CALL KROOG-- ADAM!

AND NAME HIS WIFE-- EVE!

AFTER MY FATHER AND MY MOTHER ON MY DISTANT HOME PLANET!



THE END



# DEAL



THE BROILING DESERT SUN BEAT DOWN RELENTLESSLY ON THE SMALL ENCAMPMENT TENT NESTLED SECURELY BESIDE THE SHIMMERING OASIS. WITHIN ITS CANVAS CONFINES THE OLD MAN'S VOICE BROKE THE HEAVY SILENCE OF THE WAGELANDS.



FELIX TOWNSEND PULLED THE HEAVY DESERT BOOTS ON WITH A GROAN AND ADDRESSED HIS YOUNG NEPHEW PETER WITH AN AGED SMILE...



ACCORDING TO THE MAP THAT OLD PROSPECTOR SOLD ME, THE MINE IS ABOUT FIVE DAYS JOURNEY FROM HERE!

YOU SENILE OLD GOAT... ANY FOOL KNOWS THAT "LOST MINE" ROUTINE IS THE OLDEST CON GAME IN THE WORLD...AND YOU PAID FIFTY BUCKS FOR THE MAP...

THE AGING UNCLE'S WRINKLED HAND OPENED HIS FIELD JACKET AND PATTED THE SHEATH OF PAPERS IN ITS LINING. HE NODDED AT PETER...

YOU'VE BEEN GOOD COMPANY TO AN OLD MAN THESE LAST FEW YEARS, PETER. I'M SHOWING MY APPRECIATION BY REMEMBERING YOU IN MY WILL!

MAP OF REGION

PETER STARED HUNGRILY AT THE PAPERS. HE'D WAITED MONTHS JUST TO HEAR THOSE WORDS. THE LONG HOURS OF BOREDOM WITH HIS UNCLE HAD PAID OFF...

OUR JOURNEY WILL BE MADE ON FOOT, PETER. THE TERRAIN IS TOO ROUGH FOR ANY VEHICLE.

THE WATER HOLES ARE SPACED ALMOST EXACTLY A DAY APART! WE HAVE ONE CANTEEN PIECE. BE SURE TO RATION YOUR WATER ACCORDINGLY...

PETER HAD SHRUGGED IN AGREEMENT. HE FIGURED THE OLD MAN WOULDN'T LAST THREE HOURS IN THE SWeltering HEAT AND WOULD ABANDON THE CRAZY SCHEME BEFORE THE DAY WAS OUT. BUT THE WITHERED DESERT RAT PROVED HEALTHIER THAN HIS NEPHEW HAD ANTICIPATED AND IT WAS PETER WHO STUMBLED TO HIS KNEES IN EXHAUSTION BY MID-AFTERNOON...

I'M DYING! HAVEN'T HAD A DRINK IN THREE HOURS... C-CAN'T MAKE IT!

GET UP, BOY! WE CAN'T STOP NOW! I TOLD YOU TO CONSERVE YOUR WATER...

THERE...UP AHEAD! IT'S THE FIRST OASIS!



SO IT WENT. AT THE END OF EACH SCORCHING DAY A SHIMMERING POOL OF LIFE-GIVING WATER LAY WAITING FOR THEIR THIRSTY BELLIES AND EMPTY CANTEENS. BY THE TIME THEY REACHED THE THIRD OASIS, PETER'S PATIENCE AND STRENGTH WERE WEARING THIN...

WHY SHOULD I WAIT?  
I'LL BE AN OLD MAN  
MYSELF BY THE TIME HE  
KICKS THE BUCKET. IF  
I PLANNED IT **RIGHT**  
IT WOULD LOOK LIKE  
AN **ACCIDENT!**

IS THAT  
YOU, NEPHEW--  
**UHHH!**

WHO  
ELSE YOU  
STUPID OLD  
FOOL!

PETER!  
WHY?...

BECAUSE  
I'M **TIRED**  
OF WAITING,  
UNCLE  
FELIX!

HIS CANTEEN!

PETER STRUCK THEN, AGAIN  
AND AGAIN WITH THE JAGGED  
ROCK, UNTIL THE CLEAR DESERT  
POOL MUDDIED CRIMSON AND  
THE OLD MAN'S LIFE EBBED  
AWAY IN A FEEBLE TRAIL OF  
BUBBLES. A BRIGHT GLINT OF  
METAL WINKED AT PETER FROM  
BENEATH THE RIPPING SURFACE.

PETER REACHED DOWN AND LIFTED THE  
SHINY RECEPTACLE FROM THE QUIET FORM...

YOU WON'T NEED THIS NOW,  
UNCLE. AND IT'LL MAKE THE  
RETURN TRIP TWICE AS  
EASY ON ME!

BY MID-AFTERNOON OF THE NEXT DAY PETER WAS GREEDILY EMPTYING HIS OWN CANTEEN INTO HIS DUSTY GULLET. IT SEEMED TWICE AS HOT NOW AS THE DAY BEFORE...

BLASTED HEAT! GOOD I'VE GOT PLENTY OF WATER!



THERE SHE IS! AND IT'S ABOUT TIME!



THE COOLING WATER HAD ALMOST TOUCHED HIS LIPS WHEN SOMETHING CAUGHT HIS ATTENTION FROM THE CENTER OF THE ORGAS. THE BLOATED PULPY FIGURE BOBBED TO THE SURFACE AND STARED HIDEOUSLY AT HIM WITH SIGHTLESS EYES...PETER SCREAMED...

UNCLE FELIX!  
MY GOD! HOW IN THE NAME OF HADES DID HE GET HERE?



COYOTES MUST HAVE DRAGGED HIM HERE LAST NIGHT! LORD HE STINKS! I CAN'T DRINK THE WATER NOW...HIS CORPSE HAS POL-LUTED IT!



I'VE STILL GOT HIS CANTEEN! I CAN MAKE IT ON THAT!...TRAVEL BY NIGHT! YOU OLD VULTURE... I'M NOT LIKED YET!





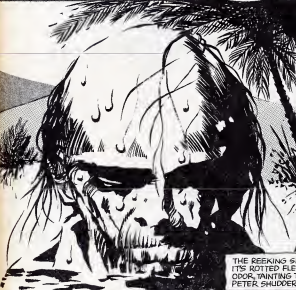
SO HE WALKED INTO THE FREEZING DESERT NIGHT. HIS UNCLE'S CANTEN SWINGING BESIDE HIM. BY SUNRISE THE LAST OF THE PRECIOUS WATER HAD PASSED OVER HIS PARCHED LIPS... HE SEARCHED THE HORIZON DESPERATELY!



THAT'S IT!  
I'D BETTER BE  
ON THE RIGHT  
TRAIL!



THE OASIS!  
THERE IT IS!



THE REEKING SLIME-COVERED HEAD FLOATED LAZILY IN THE WATER, ITS ROTTED FLESH FILLING THE DESERT AIR WITH STOMACH-CHURNING ODOOR, TAINTING THE COOL LIQUID AROUND IT WITH PUTRESCENCE. PETER SHUDDERED, CHOKING BACK HIS VOWIT...



NO! NO!

HIS HEAD BEGAN TO SWIM AS THE GROTESQUE FACE DANCED BEFORE HIM, GRINNING IDIOTICALLY...



THIS CAN'T  
BE HAPPENING! I'M  
GOING MAD FROM  
THIRST! THAT'S IT!  
HE'S A MIRAGE!

BUT INSIDE, HE KNEW THE HIDEOUS THING IN THE OASIS WAS AS REAL AS THE DUST ON HIS SWOLLEN TONGUE. HE WIPED THE SWEAT FROM HIS FOREHEAD WITH A SHAKING HAND AND TURNED BACK TOWARD THE DESERT...



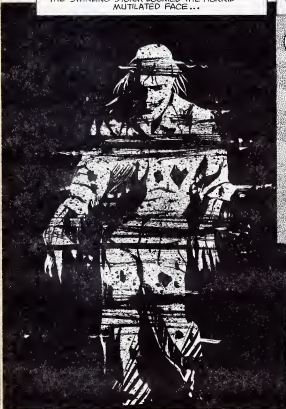
GOT TO MAKE  
IT TO THE LAST  
WATER HOLE BEFORE  
HE GETS THERE...  
GOT TO BEAT HIM!

WEAK WITH THIRST AND EXPOSURE, PETER STRUGGLED DESPERATELY FOR THE ENCAMPMENT TENT MILES AWAY AND THE FINAL OASIS BESIDE IT. MERCIFULLY THE SKY DARKENED, BLOTTING OUT THE SUN. THEN TO HIS HORROR, HE REALIZED IT WAS A...



**SAND STORM!**  
I'LL BE BURIED  
OUT HERE!

HE GUNTED INTO THE HOWLING GALE AND DREW CLOSER TO THE STUMBLING FIGURE. FROM OUT OF THE SWIRLING STORM LOOMED THE HORRID MUTILATED FACE...



PETER FASTENED HIS BANDANA ABOUT HIS FACE AND PUSHED INTO THE BLINDING, WHIRLING SAND. IT WAS THEN HE NOTICED THE DIM SILHOUETTE MOVING ALONG BESIDE HIM...



**SOMEONE'S  
OUT THERE!**

THE ROTTED TEETERING THING WAS KEEPING PACE WITH HIM, CHUNKS OF DECAYING FLESH AND MAGGOTY BONE FALLING FROM ITS STUMBLING HULK, LEAVING A TRAIL OF RANCID GORE BEHIND IT...



**UNCLE FELIX!!**  
?CHOKE? HE'S TRYING  
TO BEAT ME TO  
THE WATER!

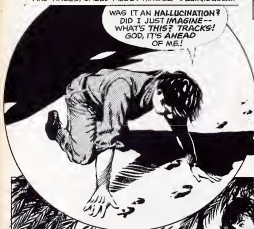
PETER DROVE HIMSELF ON THE QUAKING LEGS, A COLD FEAR CLUTCHING HIS HEART...



**CAN'T LET  
IT WIN!...GOT TO  
OUTDISTANCE  
HIM!**

SEEMINGLY YEARS LATER THE STORM ABATED. PETER, CRAWLING ON BLOODIED HANDS AND KNEES, GAZED ABOUT HIMSELF DELIRIOUSLY...

WAS IT AN HALLUCINATION?  
DID I JUST IMAGINE--  
WHAT'S THIS? TRACKS!  
GOD, IT'S AHEAD  
OF ME!



THE LAST OF HIS WILL FADING, PETER SCRAMBLED CRAZILY ACROSS THE BURNING SAND, PASSED THE GRINNING HORROR, AND FELL HEADLONG INTO THE RELIEF-GIVING POOL...

WITH A STRENGTH BORN OF MADNESS, PETER PUSHED UP AND HOBBOLED AFTER THE GRISLY TRAIL LEFT BY THE THING. MILES LATER, HE FOUND IT, TRUDGING RELENTLESSLY ON, FILLING THE ACRID AIR WITH ITS STENCH...

IT HASN'T REACHED  
THE OASIS YET!



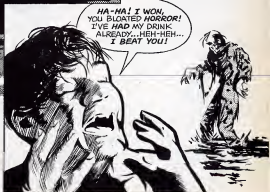
SCOOPING FRANTICALLY WITH TORN FINGERS HE FILLED HIS ACHING STOMACH WITH THE COOLING LIQUID UNTIL HIS GUTS BURNED AND LUNGS BEGGED FOR AIR... THEN HE LAY GIGGLING QUIETLY...

HEH-HEH-HEH!



THERE WAS A NOISE BEHIND HIM, SHUFFLING OF DRY DE-CAYED FEET. PETER TURNED IN TIME TO SEE THE CORPSE OF HIS UNCLE TOPPLE INTO THE OASIS...

HA-HA! I WON,  
YOU BLOATED HORROR!  
I'VE HAD MY DRINK  
ALREADY...HEH-HEH...  
I BEAT YOU!



REVIVED NOW, FLUSHED WITH VICTORY, PETER WALKED ON UNSTEADY LEGS TO THE SHADE OF THE TENT AND THREW OPEN THE FLAP. IT TOOK A MOMENT FOR HIS EYES TO ADJUST THEMSELVES TO THE DARKNESS WITHIN, THEN HE ENTERED...

WITH SHAKING FINGERS HE WITHDREW THE SHEATH OF PAPERS FROM THE OLD MAN'S JACKET AND OPENED IT...

AT LAST...  
ALL MINE!...

WHA... THIS  
ISN'T A WILL...  
IT'S A MEDICAL  
REPORT!

**LAVERNE RESEARCH**

MR. FELIX TOWNSEND  
126 CHIPAWA LANE  
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

DEAR MR. TOWNSEND:

THIS IS TO CONFIRM EARLIER PROGNOSIS OF  
YOUR CONDITION. AFTER EXTENSIVE TESTS  
OUR FINDINGS INDICATE MARKED IMPROVEMENT  
HANSSEN'S DISEASE WHICH YOU CONTRA  
SOME MONTHS AGO

LEPROSY!  
HIS CANTEN!  
I... I DRANK  
FROM HIS...

-- C... CANTEN--

AGGH-H-HH!

The END

# HORROR MAN

He stared across the desk at me. Black unholy fear was in his eyes.

"You must do something for me! You must!" he screamed! This was Tracy Collins, the movie star. You remember him, the horror man of the screen. He played everything from werewolf to ghoul and had even won an Academy Award for his portrayal of the Werewolf of Chicago.

And here he was in my office screaming for help. He needed it all right, and it was my job as his doctor and his friend to help him. He was sick, very sick.

The fearful eyes stabbed at me again. "I change, Doctor. I change! Just like in the werewolf roles I played, only it's real. I become a wolf late at night and run on all fours. I howl at the moon, and I kill. I kill!" The terrified eyes pleaded, "Please, please have me locked up."

"All right now, Tracy." I tried to be calm. "I'll help you. I'll take you out to my own private rest home tonight. We can lock you up if you wish and observe you for a spell to check on these lycanthropic attacks of yours. Personally, Tracy, I think that you have just been working too hard and that this is nothing more than a temporary nervous condition."

*Those terrible haunted eyes bored into me again as if to say, "You're a fool, Doctor, a stupid fool."*

"I'm sure that with rest and care you'll be fine in a few weeks. Of course, Tracy, there'll be no publicity. We'll tell the studio that you went on a vacation. Doctor's orders and all that, you know."

Collins drummed his fingers on the arms of his chair. "I don't care if the public finds out what I am, as long as you lock me up. I don't want to change and kill again! I can't stand it!" He was

sobbing, and his huge frame was shaking horribly.

"Of we go then, old boy. My car is outside. We'll drive over to the rest home now."

We walked out to the car and got in. I drove slowly through the lighted city. This was no time for conversation. Enough had been said already, so I flipped on the car radio. Some rather happy music chimed out of it. He turned it off. I glanced over at him. He was breathing hard and wringing his hands, but those terrified eyes were staring straight ahead.

I pulled the car into the driveway of my private hospital, came to an easy stop and cut the engine. I snapped off the headlights.

"Well, Tracy," I said. "This place will be your home for a few weeks. You'll get a well-earned rest here, and then back to the studios for some more Academy Awards, eh?"

He said nothing. We got out and walked up to the front door. I opened it and motioned Collins in. He shuffled in staring straight ahead. I followed. Nelson, my chief attendant, was at the desk.

"Good evening, Doctor," he said. "Keeping kind of late hours, aren't you?" He smiled.

"Well, it isn't often that I come here in the middle of the night, but Mr. Collins is a friend of mine, and I suggested he be our guest for a short time."

Nelson walked over to greet Collins. "Glad to know you, Mr. Collins." He extended his hand, Collins ignored it.

"Say, Doctor," Nelson drawled. "I guess you'll want to give Mr. Collins a physical check-up first, just for the record, eh?"

"By all means, and remember Nelson, this is to be strictly confidential. No one is to know that Mr. Collins is our guest."

"Of course, sir. I'll call Moreno to take over the desk, and I'll

help you with the physical." He pressed the call button on the desk. Moreno came out and nodded to us.

"Everything all right, Moreno?" I asked.

"Fine and dandy, Doc. Everything's runnin' smooth."

Moreno was a good man. He had a way with mental patients.

Nelson, Collins and I adjourned to the examination room, and Moreno took over the desk. Inside the room I asked Collins to disrobe. He did so, slowly and nervously. Those terrible eyes still stared.

When he was completely nude he snarled fiercely at us and bolted for the door.

"Oh, oh!" cried Nelson.

I made a grab for Collins and missed.

"Stop him, Nelson!" I yelled.

Nelson jumped at Collins, but the movie star, with the superhuman strength of a madman, felled Nelson with one blow, and tore out the door.

Moreno had heard the commotion and was waiting for him. The front door was locked. Between the two of us we had a chance of subduing him. Snarling and slavering, a stark naked madman, he ran for the front door. He rattled at the knob growling and shrieking. The door held. Moreno jumped upon the crazed movie star's back and I came up from behind to help.

"For God's sake, grab hold, Doc!" Moreno panted. "I can't hold him forever!"

With another surge of strength Collins threw Moreno off his shoulders at me. We both went down in a heap.

Collins snarled again and looked through terrible burning eyes at us as we tried to get up. Then he looked around and saw the window. As we half crawled, half ran across the room after him, he

plunged through the window amid a shower of broken glass.

As we hurried to unlock the front door and race after him, we could hear him howling and shrieking across the hospital lawn. We dashed out the door. Now we could see the naked form of Collins running over the spacious moonlit grass. He hurdled the hedge fence and streaked into the road. A screech and a hiss of air brakes. A heartrending scream. Moreno and I ran to the road.

Collins' naked body lay crushed under the cab of a huge trailer truck. One of the front wheels had gone completely over his body. The truck driver was climbing shakily out of the cab.

"I couldn't help it. I couldn't help it!" he sobbed. "He ran right out in front of me!"

"It was an accident, I know." I tried to console the shaken driver. "Let's get his body off the road and call the police."

The driver and I dragged the mangled form of Tracy Collins to the grass near the hedge. Mor-

eno ran in and called the police.

"I think we'd better cover him with something," I suggested to the driver. "This is my hospital, and if a crowd gathers I wouldn't want a lot of talk going around about a naked madman being killed here."

"There's an old tarpaulin in the truck. I'll get it," the driver volunteered.

He brought the tarp, and we laid it over poor Collins' mangled body.

Moreno came back with Nelson, who seemed still groggy from that knockout punch.

"Cops will be here right away," Moreno grunted. He looked at the tarpaulin. "Ya covered him up, eh? Keep the nosy ones from lookin' at him and startin' bad rumors."

"Are you all right, Nelson?" I asked.

"Yeah, but what a wallop that boy packed! He should have been in the ring, not pictures, the poor devil."

The police came roaring up, the red light on the prow car blinking

like a huge evil eye. They slammed on the brakes, and a fat ruddy-faced deputy squeezed out of the car.

"What happened?" he asked.

I pointed to the tarpaulin. "The dead man under that canvas was a patient of mine. He ran out of my hospital and into the road. He was run over by this truck driver, but it was an accident, I assure you."

"Well, let's have a look at him." Another officer was looking at the truck. The fat deputy shouted at him, "Call the morgue, Joe." The deputy walked over to the tarpaulin. "It may sound screwy to you, Doc, but I can't resist looking at these stiff." He raised the tarp slightly and played his flashlight under the canvas. He dropped the tarpaulin back onto Collins' body and then stalked over to us with his hands belligerently placed on his hips. He glared at us angrily.

"And just what kind of a gag are you tryin' to pull here, Doc?" he barked. "That ain't no man under there. It's a big, ugly dead dog!"

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# NIGHTMARE PIN UP #2

FROM THE ANNALS  
OF ONE OF OUR  
FAVORITE GHOUL  
CREATORS...

CHIC  
STONE



# SOUL OF THE WARLOCK

WHAT EXISTS  
AFTER... DEATH?

WHAT  
MYSTERIOUS  
UNFORESEEN  
FATE AWAITS  
THOSE WHO  
EXIT THE WORLD  
OF THE LIVING?  
ERIK MORTUS,  
BOTH GENIUS  
AND MADMAN,  
ATTEMPTS  
TO LEARN THIS  
SHROUDED  
SECRET TO  
QUENCH HIS  
INSANE LUST  
FOR POWER!  
THROUGH HIS  
STUDIES OF  
THE BLACK  
ARTS, AND BY  
CONTACTING  
THE SOUL OF  
A SORCERER  
DEAD FOR 500  
YEARS, HE SHALL  
LEARN... TO HIS  
UNENDING  
HORROR!

ARCCALAS!  
KEEPER OF THE  
UNDEAD! METHOGLUS...  
SOWER OF THE SEEDS  
OF HATRED! BY THE  
WILL OF MY MIND...  
I SUMMON SPIRITS  
FROM BEYOND  
THE GRAVE!



I  
SUMMON  
YOU!  
URRCKANA...  
I WILL YOU  
TO APPEAR!

MY HUSBAND  
IS PERFORMING  
THOSE WEIRD  
RITUALS AGAIN!  
WHAT DOES HE  
DO IN THERE? WHAT  
IS HE SEEKING?  
WHY AM I FORBIDDEN  
TO ENTER ONLY  
THAT ROOM?

WAIT! ERIK HAS  
FORGOTTEN TO  
LOCK THE DOOR  
THIS TIME! I-- I  
MUST ENTER AND  
SEE WHAT OCCUPIES  
HIM NIGHT AFTER  
NIGHT! I MUST!



WHAT IS... OH,  
**NO!!**  
**NOOOOO!!**

**ELISE! YOU  
FOOL! GET OUT  
OF HERE! YOU'LL  
RUIN EVERYTHING!**



**WATCH OUT!  
THE STAIRS  
BEHIND YOU!!!**

**THE THINGS!  
KEEP THEM  
BACK! BA...  
EEE-YAAAA!!!**

**AS THE BODY  
OF MORTUUS'  
WIFE IS LAID  
TO REST...**

ERIK MORTUUS KNOWS HIS  
WIFE IS DEAD. THE RICH,  
CRIMSON STREAM OF  
**BLOOD** OZZING FROM HER  
**SPLIT SKULL** TELLS HIM  
**THAT!**

**SUCH A  
YOUNG,  
LOVELY  
GIRL,  
ELISE!**

**IT IS A...  
HEAVY BURDEN  
TO BEAR! BETWEEN  
THIS AND MY OWN  
POOR HEALTH--**



**FEAR NOT! A  
SUBSTITUTE  
SHALL TREAT  
MY PATIENTS!**



**...THE LITTLE  
IDIOT! STILL,  
THIS BIDS  
GOOD FORTUNE  
FOR ME! I  
MARRIED HER  
MERELY FOR  
HER WEALTH,  
WHICH I NOW  
POSSESS...**

**AND MY  
SECRET  
PROJECT  
SHALL  
FOREVER  
BE SAFE  
FROM HER  
EYES!**

**A PITY SHE  
SHOULD MEET  
WITH SUCH A  
TRAGIC  
ACCIDENT! I  
OFFER MY  
SINCEREST  
CONDOLENCES,  
ERIK!**

**--I MAY  
HAVE TO  
TAKE A  
HOLIDAY  
FROM MY  
PRACTISE FOR  
SOME PERIOD  
OF TIME!**



**WHAT? I KNOW  
YOU CAN PROVIDE  
FOR YOURSELF  
WITH YOUR WEALTH,  
ERIK, BUT AS FOR  
THE WELFARE OF  
THE COMMUNITY...**

**RAWLINS, WE  
HAVE BEEN  
FRIENDS FOR  
SOME TIME.  
PLEASE BE  
THE GUEST  
AT MY ESTATE  
FOR THE NIGHT!**



**I... NEED  
SOME  
COMPANY  
JUST  
NOW!**

NIGHT CLOAK'S  
THE GLOOMY  
COUNTRYSIDE AS  
TWO PHYSICIANS  
APPROACH THE  
SECLUDED **MORTUS**  
**MANSTION**, A  
DWELLING THAT  
IS **IMMENSE**...  
AND SOMEHOW  
**GROTESQUE**  
AND **EVIL!**



A **NICELY** FURNISHED  
STUDY, ERK! THIS  
**WINE** IS EXCELLENT,  
ALSO! BUT COME, WHAT  
IMPORTANT **MATTER**  
DID YOU SAY YOU WISHED  
TO DISCUSS? SOMETHING  
CONCERNING YOUR WIFE'S  
**DEATH?**



**NO!** A MUCH MORE  
**VITAL** SUBJECT THAN  
**ELISE!** A **PROJECT**  
OF MINE WHICH WILL  
GRANT ME UNLIMITED  
**POWER!**...

COMMUNICATION  
WITH THE  
**DEAD!**

GOOD LORD,  
MAN! DO YOU  
MEAN CRYSTAL  
BALLS, FORTUNE-  
TELLING CARDS,  
AND THE REST?

**CHILDISH**  
**ROT,**  
RAWLINS! MY MEANS  
ARE **SCIENTIFIC**...

...AND **ACCURATE!**  
I BELIEVE A HUMAN  
SUBJECT, OR **MEDIUM**,  
CAN BE PREPARED TO  
HOUSE THE **SOUL** OF  
A BEING PLUCKED  
FROM **LIMBO**...

...THE **DIMENSION**  
OF THE **DEAD!**



**B-BUT THIS IS**  
**INSANITY,** MORTUS!  
EVEN IF SUCH WAS  
**POSSIBLE**, WHO IN  
HIS **RIGHT MIND**  
WOULD ALLOW  
HIMSELF TO BE  
**INHABITED** BY...

...GOD KNOWS  
**WHAT KIND**  
OF **CREATURE!**  
WHERE COULD  
YOU **FIND** A  
SUBJECT?



I **ALREADY**  
**HAVE,**  
DOCTOR!

...OR HADN'T YOU  
**NOTICED** THE **ODD**  
**TASTE** OF YOUR  
**WINE?**



**MORTUS!**  
Y-YOU'VE  
**DRUGGED**  
...ME!  
OHhhh...



IT IS FORTUNATE  
YOU DO NOT HAVE  
A **FAMILY**.  
RAWLINS! FEW  
SHALL BE OVERLY  
DISTURBED WHEN  
YOU... **COMPLETELY**  
**DISAPPEAR!**

...UHHH! WHERE AM...? HEAVENS! WHAT IS THIS PLACE? **ERIK!** WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

I'M PLEASED YOU HAVE AWAKENED, RAWLINS! YOU MUST BE FULLY CONSCIOUS FOR YOUR PART IN MY EXPERIMENT! MY MOST ADVANCED ONE YET! WHICH IS WHY WE ARE NOW IN A SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER OF MY OWN DESIGN!

TELL ME... HAVE YOU HEARD OF A MAN NAMED... **ESTABAN DELGATO?**

**DELGATO?** AN INFAMOUS SPANISH NOBLEMAN OF THE 14TH CENTURY, CONDEMNED TO DEATH FOR PERPETRATING NIDEOUS CRIMES OF BLACK MAGIC AND SORCERY!

HE WAS THE GREATEST SORCEROR, OR WARLOCK, WHO EVER LIVED! DELGATO HAD MASTERED THE BLACK ARTS! HE COULD HAVE BECOME THE MOST POWERFUL MAN WHO EVER WALKED THE EARTH!

MY LONG STUDIES OF HIM BEAR THIS OUT! BUT FANATICS EXECUTED HIM PREMATURELY!

ABRUPTLY KNEELING, MORTUS INSCRIBES BIZARRE SIGNS UPON THE FLOOR OUTSIDE THE CHALK CIRCLE SURROUNDING THE TERRIFIED DOCTOR!

NOW WE BEGIN! THE SOUL OF ESTABAN DELGATO SHALL LIVE AGAIN, DOCTOR! THROUGH YOUR BODY!

MORTUS! THIS IS MADNESS! INHUMAN! RELEASE ME... I BEG OF YOU...

I NOW START THE MYSTIC RITES!

MORTUS! MY MIND... MY SOUL... WILL BE DESTROYED IF DELGATO ENTERS! STOP!

MY GOD! THAT SCREAM! CAN... THAT GHOSTLY FACE BE DELGATO'S? WAIT! THE ODOR OF SOMETHING BURNING...

**ESTABAN DELGATO! HEAR ME!** BY THE NAME OF ZORR, KEEPER OF FOREVER... IN THE NAME OF ETERNUS, LORD OF BLOOD AND DISSENTION... BY YTURBIN, AND THE SPECTRE OF DEATH! I SUMMON YOU FOR YOUR NEW BODY! COME!

AAAAAAGG



THE SOUL OF DELGATO MUST BE SO POWERFUL, SO FILLED OF SUPERNATURAL ENERGY THAT IT CONSUMES THE WEAKER, MORE FRAIL HUMAN FLESH!

I SHALL INTER DR. RAWLINS' REMAINS IN THE FOREST NEARBY, THEN LOCATE ANOTHER SUBJECT A STRONGER ONE!

IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOW, ERIK MORTUS PURSUES TWO INTERESTS! ONE, THE CONQUEST OF A SCORE OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN...

AHHH, DENISE! HOW EXQUISITE, HOW RAVISHING YOU LOOK! YOUR BEAUTY SETS MY VERY HEART AFIRE!

YOU ARE ALWAYS PUNCTUAL, ERIK, AND ALWAYS WITH PRETTY WORDS! NOW...



...WHAT EXPENSIVE GIFT HAVE YOU BOUGHT ME THIS TIME?

AND TWO, THE COLLECTION OF AN UNWILLING SUCCESSION OF "MEDIUMS"... IN REALITY, VICTIMS!

I PRAY THAT THIS FOOL'S BODY SHALL BE THE ONE TO SUCCEED!



ONE OBSESSION... DECEPTIVE!

DARLING! YOU THRILL ME AS NO WOMAN EVER HAS! YOU'RE ALL I'VE EVER DARED DREAM FOR! GRANT ME THE TREASURE OF YOUR TOTAL LOVE!

YOUR NIMBLE TONGUE DOES NOT FOOL ME, ERIK MORTUS! I'VE HEARD HOW YOU BETRAY ALL YOUR WOMEN! STILL YOU, AND YOUR WEALTH, FASCINATE ME...





**THE OTHER... DEADLY!**



HELP ME! I FEEL SO WARM! HORRIBLY WARM!

IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN! DELGATO'S SOUL IS BURNING THE WEAK HUMAN BODY!



NO! THAT'S THE SEVENTH "SUBJECT" I'VE USED! NONE OF THEM DO! THEY JUST BURN!!



...AND STRANGE THINGS HAVE BEEN WHISPERED OF YOU, ERIK! SOME OF THE VILLAGERS CLAIM YOU PERFORM UNHOLY RITES WITHIN THAT ISOLATED RETREAT OF YOURS!

KNOWING ME, WHAT YOU THINK, ALICIA?



RUBBISH! YOU ARE NOT OUT OF THE ORDINARY AT ALL! IN FACT, TODAY I MET A VERY STRANGE MAN! ANTON LEFARGE, THE CONTROVERSIAL FORTUNE-TELLER AND SPIRITIST! HE HAS LEFT HIS NATIVE FRANCE FOR A TOUR OF THE WORLD! HE'S RIGHT HERE IN TOWN, AND THEY SAY HE CAN SUMMON GHOSTLY SPIRITS FROM ANYONE'S PAST!

UNN... YES I HAD HEARD OF THE MAN! MUST ALL BE TRICKERY, OF COURSE!



ANTON LEFARGE! A TRUE MEDIUM! ONE USED TO CONTACTING SPIRITS FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE! HE WILL DO! YES... HE WILL DO!



TWO DAYS LATER, AS DARKNESS MANTLES THE MORTUS MANSION...

DO YE WISH ME T' RETURN FOR YE, MISTER LEFARGE?

NO NEED, MON AMI! M'SIEU MORTUS 'AS PROMISED TO PROVIDE ADEQUATE TRANSPORTATION FOR ME, ONCE WE 'AVE FINISHED OUR BUSINESS!



M'SIEU MORTUS? I RECEIVED YOUR URGENT MESSAGE! YOU WISH TO SEE ME ON A MATTER CONCERNING THE SUPERNATURAL, YES?

INDEED! PLEASE COME UP TO MY STUDY, WHERE WE MAY DISCUSS THIS FURTHER!

ANTON LEFARGE WILL RECALL MORTUUS' FRIENDLY MANNER, A WELL- STYLED STUDY, AND A FINE VINTAGE OF WINE! AFTER THAT, HE SHALL REALIZE HE IS AWAKENING TO A NIGHTMARE!

UNNNH!  
S-SACRE!  
WHERE  
AM I?  
WH-WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO ME?

YOU WERE  
DRUGGED, MY  
FRIEND! WELCOME  
BACK TO THE  
LAND OF THE  
LIVING! WE  
HAVE AN  
EXPERIMENT  
TO CONDUCT!



MY EXPERIMENT  
REQUIRES THE  
PRESENCE OF AN  
EXPERT MEDIUM!  
YOUR BODY SHALL  
HOUSE THE SOUL  
OF A WARLOCK DEAD  
FOR 500 YEARS!  
A SOUL THAT WILL  
NEST WITHIN  
YOUR FLESH AND  
GIVE ME THE SECRETS  
TO ABSOLUTE  
POWER!

NO! EVEN I DO  
NOT ATTEMPT  
SUCH! MY SOUL  
SHALL BE  
DESTROYED IN  
THE PROCESS!  
STOP, M'SIEUR,  
STOP!



THEN...THE RITUAL COMMENCES!

I BECKON  
YOU! FOR YOUR  
NEW SHELL!

THAT DECAYED  
HEAD AGAIN!  
AM I  
SUCCEEDING?!



NOOOOOO  
YAAAAH!

AT LAST! DELGATO'S  
SPIRIT, HIS IMMORTAL  
SOUL... MERGING WITH  
A HUMAN BODY! BUT...  
UGH! LEFARGE'S FACE  
HAS BECOME  
DELGATO'S!



ESTABAN DELGATO!  
I KNOW YOU CAN  
UNDERSTAND ME!  
SWEAR THAT YOU  
SHALL NOT HARM  
ME, OR I'LL KILL  
YOUR HOST WITH  
THIS DAGGER!

STAY YOUR HAND!  
I SWEAR I SHALL  
NOT HARM YOU.



NOW, I COMMAND YOU TO  
GIVE ME YOUR WISDOM! I WISH  
THE SECRETS OF ALCHEMY,  
CONTROLLING MEN'S MINDS,  
FORETELLING THE FUTURE,  
UNLIMITED WEALTH... ALL  
YOUR OCCULT KNOWLEDGE! I  
DEMAND ABSOLUTE POWER,  
FOR I AM HE WHO RETURNED  
YOU TO LIFE!

PRESUMPTUOUS FOOL! ARE  
YOU SO CERTAIN THAT I WANT  
LIFE? DID YOU NEVER THINK  
THAT I MIGHT CRAVE THE  
PEACE AND ETERNAL REST  
AWAY FROM AN EXISTENCE  
WHERE I WAS SCORNOED,  
PERSECUTED, AND  
PHYSICALLY TORTURED?





NO, MORTUS!  
YOU SHALL NOT  
BE REWARDED  
WITH POWER AND  
KNOWLEDGE.  
ONLY PUNISHED WITH  
HORROR AND DEATH!  
FOR YOUR EVIL FAR  
SURPASSES MINE!

THE  
CHAMBER  
DOOR IS  
OPENING!  
BUT WHO...?

A SCENE OF UTTER HORROR SHOCKS MORTUS' EYES AND NUMBS HIS BRAIN! SEVEN CORPSES, DRIPPING FRESH BLOOD AND BURNED BEYOND BELIEF, ENTER THE CHAMBER!

OH MY GOD! YOU  
SUMMONED THEM,  
DELGATO! YOU  
LIED! YOU SWORE  
NOT TO HARM ME!



AND I SHALL HONOR  
THAT PROMISE! IT  
IS THESE POOR  
SOULS WHO CRAVE  
REVENGE! YOU  
SHALL RECEIVE THE  
SAME SENTENCE  
I DID FOR SORCERY!  
THEY SHALL TORTURE  
YOU TO DEATH!  
UNIMAGINABLY!  
FAREWELL... HA...  
HA... HA...

DON'T LEAVE  
ME, DELGATO!  
PLEASE...  
HELP ME!  
HELP MEEEE!



THE FRENCHMAN'S BODY BURSTS INTO FLAME, AS DELGATO RELEASES HIMSELF AND RETURNS TO LIMBO! AND AS IF UPON SIGNAL SEVEN ROTTING, NAUSEATING CORPSES BEGIN A RITUAL OF HORROR ALL THEIR OWN!



...AND AN AWFUL SUCCESSION  
OF UNINTERRUPTED SCREAMS  
COME FROM THE GLOOMY  
CLIFFSIDE MANOR! SCREAMS  
WHICH SEEM TO GO ON AND  
ON AND ON...  
THE END!

# BEWARE SMALL EVILS!



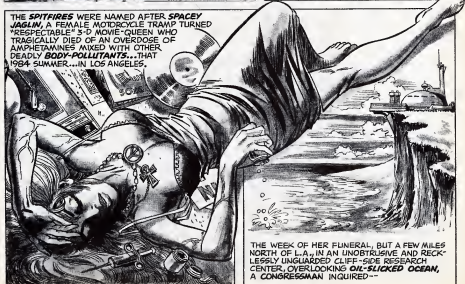
TO THOSE WHO SURVIVED TO THE YEAR 1983, SUMMER WAS FULL OF THE USUAL MADNESS, AND THE LETHAL TOLL OF **SMALL EVILS** MOUNTED--AS DID CLOUDS OF CAR EXHAUST, INDUSTRIAL POISONS AND STAGNANT WATER TO STRANGLE EARTH'S FRAGILE **ECOLOGY...** MAKING PURE AIR AND WATER SCARCE...



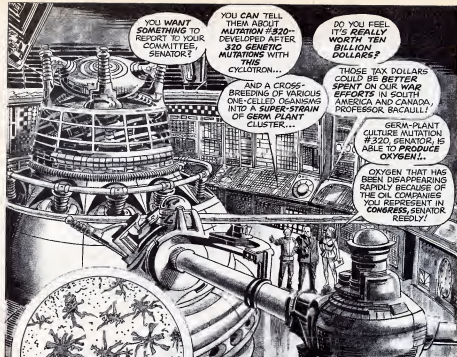
SUMMER 1983 SAW MUCH OF MAN'S **MISUSED** TECHNOLOGY COLLAPSE IN UPON ITSELF, AND A CIVILIZED PEOPLE BECAME DESPONDENT WITH THE ADVENT OF CRUEL, ANARCHISTIC, **BARBARIAN YOUTHS**, SUCH AS "**SPACEY'S SPITFIRES**"--A HUGE MULTI-ETHNIC TERRORIST HOODLUM GANG WHICH TOOK OVER SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



THE **SPITFIRES** WERE NAMED AFTER **SPACEY JAGLIN**, A FEMALE MOTORCYCLE TRAMP TURNED "RESPECTABLE" 3-D MOVIE-QUEEN WHO TRAGICALLY DIED OF AN OVERDOSE OF AMPHETAMINES MIXED WITH OTHER DEADLY **BODY-POLLUTANTS...** THAT 1984 SUMMER...IN LOS ANGELES.



THE WEEK OF HER FUNERAL, BUT A FEW MILES NORTH OF L.A., IN AN UNOBTRUSIVE AND RECKLESSLY UNGUARDED CLIFF-SIDE RESEARCH CENTER, OVERLOOKING **OIL-SLICKED OCEAN**, A CONGRESSMAN INQUIRED--



YOU WANT  
SOMETHING TO  
REPORT TO YOUR  
COMMITTEE,  
SENATOR?

YOU CAN TELL  
THEM ABOUT  
MUTATION #320--  
DEVELOPED AFTER  
320 GENETIC  
MUTATIONS WITH  
THIS  
CYCLOTRON...

DO YOU FEEL  
IT'S REALLY  
WORTH TEN  
BILLION  
DOLLARS?

THOSE TAX DOLLARS  
COULD BE BETTER  
SPENT ON OUR WAR  
EFFORTS IN SOUTH  
AMERICA AND CANADA,  
PROFESSOR BACAULL!

AND A CROSS-  
BREEDING OF VARIOUS  
ONE-CELLED ORGANISMS  
INTO A SUPER-STRAIN  
OF GERM PLANT  
CLUSTER...

GERM-PLANT  
CULTURE MUTATION  
#320, SENATOR, IS  
ABLE TO PRODUCE  
OXYGEN!..

OXYGEN THAT HAS  
BEEN DISAPPEARING  
RAPIDLY BECAUSE OF  
THE OIL COMPANIES  
YOU REPRESENT IN  
CONGRESS, SENATOR  
REEDLY!



OBSERVE THE  
CULTURE MAGNIFIED  
ON THE VIEW SCREEN  
BEFORE US...



THE ODD CROSS-  
BRED COMBINATION  
OF ONE-CELLED  
PLANT AND ANIMAL  
LIFE YOU SEE,  
SENATOR...

MAY JUST SAVE  
THE HUMAN  
SPECIES FROM  
EXTINCTION! IT  
WILL PRODUCE  
OXYGEN ENOUGH  
FOR ALL...

WHEN  
PERFECTED!





ALONG THE SMOGGY SEASCAPE, FESTIVE AND BARBARIC LEGIONS OF SPACEY'S SPITFIRES RIDE, SPEWING CARBON MONOXIDE EXHAUST CLOUDS THAT HALF-HID THEIR GRIM TOW--THE COFFIN-CYCLE OF SPACEY JAGLIN...



PROFESSOR, DO YOU REALIZE THE MILLIONS THAT CAN BE MADE FROM THIS DEVELOPMENT?



UHH, PLEASE DON'T GRAB THE SLIDE, SENA--UHH?--



IT'S NOT FULLY DEVELOPED! AT THIS STAGE OF MUTATION--



IT'S PARASITIC!



AAIEEEEE!



THOUGH THE MUTATION #320 DOES PRODUCE OXYGEN, SENATOR REEDLY, IT ALSO DEVOURS LIVING PLANT AND ANIMAL TISSUES! IT EATS PEOPLE'S FLESH!



FOR GOD'S SAKE!-- DON'T STAND THERE-- HELP HIM!



WE HAVE FOUND, HOWEVER, THAT COMMON HOUSEHOLD DETERGENT, ODDLY ENOUGH CAN DESTROY IT...



THE SAME DETERGENT THAT 15 YEARS AGO DESTROYED OXYGEN-PRODUCING PLANKTON--IN THE OCEAN-- AND FORCED US TO DEVELOP MUTATION #320.



HEY-- BUM WHEELIE, EH, BABY?! SPUN LIKE A WHITE TORNADO! YOU OK?



YEH, BROTHER! SAW A HOSPITAL BACK THERE-- I'LL GET THE KNEE PATCHED--CATCH YA AT THE FUNERAL!

LATER!

HMM... "MR. ENZYME"-- YOU OWN THAT SOAP COMPANY, DON'T YOU, SENATOR?



NOW IF YOU CAN HOLD YOUR CURIOSITY IN CHECK, PROFESSOR, I'LL LET YOU WITNESS HOW WE MUTATE THE STRAIN--

ER-- YOU CAN CONTROL YOURSELF?--

YES--YES-- ALL RIGHT! BUT --MY HAND!

MISS SCHIFF, WOULD YOU PLEASE BRING IN ANOTHER CULTURE--SLIDE OF MUTATION #320--

AND--AH-A FIRST AID KIT?

YES, SIR!

WHILE IN THE OUTER OFFICES--

P-PLEASE S-SIR!--

DAMN IT! DON'T GIVE ME NO RUN-AROUND!

I KNOW THIS IS A HOSPITAL! --AIN'T NO RESEARCH CENTER!

S-STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HIM!?

IF YOU DOCS DON'T FIX MY KNEE, I'LL USE YOUR NECK FOR MY BELT!

YOU ALL LIE! LIE LIKE RUGS!

HERE'S A FIRST-AID KIT!

GIVE IT TO ME, BROAD! I'LL PATCH MYSELF UP IF NOBODY ELSE WILL!

THUD! CC-CRASH!

SHATTER!

SSPKLLRRSSH!

MISS SCHIFF! WHAT?--

THAT BIKER CREEP HIT ME!

# 320 CULTURE FLEW OUT THE WINDOW!



BUT FATE PLAYS STRANGE MUSIC, AND THE LYRIC SEA-WINDS EDDIED AND SWIRLED THE FLOATING MUTATION #320 5 MILES UP THE ROAD, TO THE SIGHT OF A PANORAMA OF MOTORCYCLE HOODLUMS PREPARING TO PAY THEIR LAST COARSE RESPECTS...



OCEAN WAVES, CRASHING, POUNDING ON POISONED FISH CARCASSES PROVIDED THE MUSIC FOR A DRUNKEN BALLET OF BRUTISH FORMS WITH WASTED ANIMALISTIC MINDS, AS THEY DISMOUNTED THEIR BIKES AND STUMBLER NUMBLY INTO ONE ANOTHER IN REVELRY...



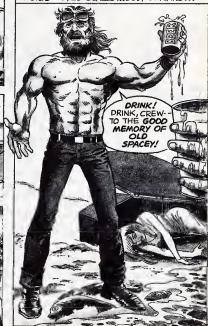
TO A ROUSING OFF-KEY CHORUS OF A REFRAIN FROM THE SOUNDTRACK THEME FROM HER LATEST 3-D OPUS, SPACEY JAGLIN WAS HEFTED ALOFT IN DUBIOUS DIGNITY...



BUT A DRUNKEN LURCH NULLIFIED ALL ATTEMPTS AT ANY DIGNITY...



THE PATHETIC CARCASS OF THE LONELY MISUNDERSTOOD, POP SUPERSTAR TUMBLED WITH A FLOP BEFORE HIS BOOTS...THE LEADER AND HIGH PRIEST-GURU WITH THE LAST SHREDS OF HIS DRUG-ROTTED MIND, GROPE FOR APPROPRIATE WORDS--EYES GLAZED...BODY SWAYING...



AT THE COMMAND OF THE FANATICAL "HOLY MAN" LEADER, EACH MEMBER OF THE PRIMITIVE AND SAVAGE SUPERSTITIOUS HERD FILED BY, AND PREPARED HER BROKEN BODY FOR CREMATION!



AND TO THE RHYTHMIC SHOUTS OF HIS MUMBO-JUMBO GURLI-RAVINGS, THEY HOISTED HER CORPSE ALOFT WITH TIRE-IRONS AND CROW-BARS, AND SET HER REMAINS **ABLAZE!**



YOUR DEATH SIGNALS THE END OF AN ERA, OH, SPACEY JAGLIN! OH, GODDESS!

NOW BEGINS A NEW EPOCH! --IN WHICH THE **SPITFIRES** SHALL ASCEND TO GREAT POWER AND RULE THE WORLD!



BUT THE CHEMICAL LAWS OF THE UNIVERSE TO NOT BOW TO SUPERSTITION-- MONSTERS, AND THE HEAT FUSED A COMPOUND OF **FORMALDEHYDE**, AND THE DRUGS THAT HAD KILLED SPACEY JAGLIN--



AND THE PECULIAR COMPOUND WAS ABSORBED BY **MUTATION # 320**--



AND IT **NOURISHED MUTATION # 320!**--

AND THE **INVIGORATED MUTATION # 320** BEGAN TO RISE LIKE YEAST AND CONTINUE TO **GROW AND MULTIPLY--**



AND ONCE SPARKED TO ACCELERATED GROWTH, IT **WOULD NOT STOP!**

FOR IT IS  
RIGHT THAT  
SPACEY'S  
SPITFIRES  
GAIN  
VENGEANCE!

HER NAMESAKE ARMY  
SHALL OVERRUN  
AMERICA!-- THEN THE  
WORLD! GRANT US A  
SIGN OF APPROVAL,  
O POWERS OF SPIRIT  
AND GLORY!



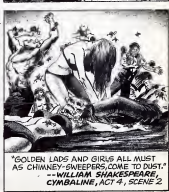
BUT REALITY NEITHER HEARS  
NOR HEEDS THE RANTINGS  
OF A MYSTIC...



MUTATION #320 FED ON THE CARCASS OF THE GURU-LEADER, GROWING RAPIDLY.  
THEN IT FLOATED AWAY, SENSORS QUIVERING IN HUNGRY ANTICIPATION  
OF MORE LIFE TO DEVOUR!--

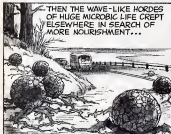


"BUT SEE, AMID THE MIMIC ROUT A CRAWLING SHAPE INTRUDE! A  
BLOOD-RED THING THAT WRITHES WITHOUT THE SCENIC SOLITUDE!  
IT WRITHES!-- WITH MORTAL PANGS, THE MIMES BECOME ITS FODD,  
AND THE ANGELS SOB AT VERMIN FANGS IN HUMAN GORE IMBUED."  
--POE, THE CONQUEROR WORM.



"GOLDEN LADS AND GIRLS ALL MUST  
AS CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS, COME TO DUST."  
--WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,  
CYMBALINE, ACT 4, SCENE 2

GROWING, EVER GROWING--SOON **MUTATION #320** WAS A TOWERING HEAP OF **MALIGNANCY!**--DIGESTING HUNDREDS OF TERROR-STRICKEN BIKERS IN A MATTER OF **MINUTES!** THE SPORES OF **DEATH** SURGED ONWARD, **STILL GROWING!!**



THEN THE WAVE-LIKE HORDES OF HUGE MICROBIC LIFE CREPT ELSEWHERE IN SEARCH OF MORE NOURISHMENT...

AND THOSE WHO WERE UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE THEIR CAR WINDOWS UNROLLED DID NOT LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO REGRET THEIR MISTAKE...



DON'T PANIC, NURSE! SECURE THE DOORS AND WINDOWS!--

WE CAN WEATHER THIS OUT!

YES, PROFESSOR...



I HOPE YOU RECOGNIZE WHAT THOSE **MONSTERS ARE**, SENATOR REEDY!

! ULP !



THEY'RE-ER-IT'S MOVING AWAY NOW PROFESSOR!

HEAVEN HELP ALL IN THEIR PATH!



**MUTATION #320** THEN SPREAD ON DOWN TO THE OUTSKIRT BEACH RESORTS OF **LOS ANGELES...**



IT GREW TO EVEN MORE FANTASTIC PROPORTIONS, AND ATTACKED **CENTRAL LOS ANGELES...** AND CONTINUED TO MULTIPLY AND SPREAD ACROSS **CALIFORNIA!**



WITHIN AN HOUR, **MUTATION #320** HAD GROWN SO HUGE THAT IT CROWDED OVER MOST OF **SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**... AND NOT JUST SATIATING ITS APPETITE WITH ANIMAL-LIFE, AS BY THEN MOST SURVIVING PEOPLE WERE SECURED BEHIND LOCKED DOORS, **MUTATION #320** ACQUIRED A TASTE FOR PLANTS AND TREES, AS IT GREW--AN **IMMENSE, CREEPING CARPET OF DEATH!!**



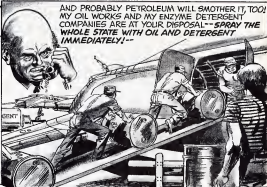
HELLO, PENTAGON? YES--THIS IS SENATOR REEDLY!--

BEFORE THE LINES FAIL, HERE'S THE BEST STRATEGY!

THE SPORES ARE VULNERABLE TO ORDINARY DETERGENT ENZYMES!--



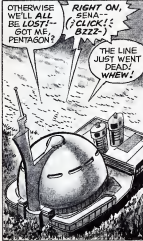
AND PROBABLY PETROLEUM WILL SMOTHER IT, TOO! MY OIL WORKS AND MY ENZYME DETERGENT COMPANIES ARE AT YOUR DISPOSAL--**SPRAY THE WHOLE STATE WITH OIL AND DETERGENT IMMEDIATELY!--**



OTHERWISE WE'LL ALL BE LOST!-- GOT ME, PENTAGON?

RIGHT ON, SENA-- (CLICK! BZZZ--)

THE LINE JUST WENT DEAD! WHEW!



THERE!-- IT WAS A GREAT SACRIFICE, BUT THE HUMAN RACE WILL BE SAVED!

PERHAPS THIS IS THE ONE CRISIS THAT WILL UNIFY MANKIND!! FROM THIS DAY FORWARD, TECHNOLOGY WILL BE USED WISELY BY INDUSTRY'S POLITICIANS, AND THE LIVES LOST TODAY WERE NOT LOST IN VAIN!



WELL, ISN'T THAT QUANT!--

STOW AND SHOVE YOUR INAUGURATION SPEECH, SENATOR!





AS DEADLY CARGOES OF OIL AND DETERGENT WERE DROPPED OVER THE VAST LENGTH OF CALIFORNIA, THE PROFESSOR SPOKE SOLEMNLY... "WE DEVELOPED **MUTATION #320** IN HOPES OF REPLACING EARTH'S OXYGEN LOST TO PLANKTON-DESTROYING OIL AND DETERGENT POLLUTION."



"THE VAST DOSAGE OF OIL AND ENZYMES YOU ORDERED WILL DESTROY **MUTATION #320**, ALL RIGHT--" CONTINUED THE PROFESSOR, AS MILES AND MILES OF OIL-SOAKED **MUTATION #320** WERE SET ABLAZE WITH NAPALM...



BY NOW, THE SPORES MUST BE ALL OVER THE **GLOBE**--NO PLACE WILL BE SPARED THE REMEDIAL CONFLAGRATION!

THEN THE LAND-PLANTS AND THE SEA-PLANKTON WILL ALL GO!--

AND SO WILL ALL THE OXYGEN!



"SOON YOU, ME, THAT HOODLUM WHO BROKE THE SLIDE-- WE'LL DIE OF **ASPHYXIATION**!" SCREAMED THE PROFESSOR... "ALL OXYGEN WILL BE GONE IN ABOUT **FOUR DAYS**!"--WEPT THE PROFESSOR...





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**AND ONLY**  
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